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Concerts at the Conservatoire in Paris.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*, Feb. 22).

We should occupy ourselves more often with these fine manifestations of the musical art, if the Société des Concerts varied its programme a little more. But, with a few exceptions, the same pieces figure in their turn each year. The Society was founded thirty-five years ago, by a decree of M. the aid-de-camp of the King, charged with the department of the Fine Arts, dated Feb. 15, 1828. It opened its first session on the 7th of March following, at two o'clock in the afternoon, with the Symphony of Beethoven in E flat, called the Heroic Symphony. From that day, how many times has the Symphony in E flat been executed by the same artists, in the same place? Thirty-five times at least, and probably many more times, since we find it (generally redemanded) at the head of the programme of the second concert, given on Sunday the 23d of March. How many times, since then, has this chef-d'œuvre been analyzed, appreciated, commented upon in the *Revue Musicale*, which existed before the Société des Concerts, and which from the 16th of March 1828, by the pen of its learned founder, M. Fétis, has proclaimed its admiration and its lively sympathy for that precious institution? We know not, and have not the least desire to examine into it. But it will be readily imagined that we experience no irresistible desire to attest once more upon our honor and our conscience, before God and men, that the first movement of this Symphony in E flat is a splendid and colossal work, in spite of the inexplicable harmonic *bizarrie* which accompanies the re-entrance of the principal theme;—that the second movement (funeral march) is one of the sublimest conceptions that ever issued from the brain of a musician, &c., &c. Our readers know all this by heart, and do not ask us to repeat it.

What we say of the "Eroica" applies to all the Symphonies of Beethoven, and to those of Mozart, and to those of Haydn, which the Society has adopted; and to the grand Septuor in E flat, of which it obstinately persists, no one knows why, in giving only the second part; and to the overtures of Weber, Beethoven, Mozart, &c. These are chef-d'œuvres, assuredly, but chef-d'œuvres about which there is nothing left to say; and as for the execution, the superiority of the orchestra of the Conservatoire over all orchestras in the world is so generally recognized, [?] that any compliment addressed to this marvellous assemblage of great musicians would seem trivial, and almost flat.

But let not our observations on the immutability of the programmes of the Société des Concerts be taken for a criticism. It got possession very early of all that the art has produced that is most beautiful. It gives in all ten sessions (concerts), including the two *Concerts spirituels*. This scarcely suffices to enable the unchangeable audience

of the Rue Bergère to hear the masterworks which it adores and to which it holds. Is it then too much to taste the Pastoral Symphony once in a year? Every addition to the repertoire is a substitution. This is what must not be forgotten and what renders the operation so difficult. This public of the Conservatoire is exacting and exclusive, because it is enthusiastic. When it is not contented, it knows how to make it felt,—without forgetting the laws of politeness either—and we have seen it disquiet itself, sometimes far more than was reasonable, against experiments which, in our opinion, deserved rather to be encouraged. Now all artists, however high they may be placed, naturally and as if by instinct respect their public even in its weaknesses.

A witty person said to us one day: "In order to succeed at the Conservatoire, it is necessary to be dead." Doubtless this is not absolutely true, and there have been illustrious examples to prove the contrary; but we could cite facts far more numerous which seem to give an air of reason to this charming notion.

Among these facts not the least was the execution in the first concert of this year of the chorus of nymphs from *Psyche*, by M. Ambrose Thomas. It is an extract from the comic opera played under that title a few years ago. The nymphs devoted to Venus, and jealous of the attractions of Psyche, give her rather a cold and unfriendly reception, rally her, insult her. The composer has admirably expressed these evil feelings and this fury scarcely disguised under an assumed gaiety. But he has known how to avoid the rock on which so many others would have perished. He has not forgotten that these insolent ones, after all, were goddesses, although goddesses of the antichamber. Their gaiety keeps within bounds, their laughter has nothing trivial, and their song is relieved by the finest harmonies and the most distinguished sonorous combinations. The audience made a fête of this novelty, although the author still lives and bears himself marvellously well. They demanded a repetition that same evening.

This fine piece was followed by the Overture and the first air of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, never performed before in Paris.

Mozart was twenty-four years old when he gave his *Idomeneo* at Munich, in the month of January 1781. He was then in his full force for the extraordinary men, whom Providence has marked out for great things, form themselves rapidly, and soon arrive at their maturity. It was at the age of twenty-four that Rossini wrote, in the same year, the "Barber of Seville" and "Otello." Mozart is entire in the *Idomeneo*.—The overture bears a marvellous stamp of energy and grandeur. The learned arrangement of the plan, the simple and grand character of the motives, the richness of the developments, the vigor of the instrumental coloring, the boldness of the harmonies, all attest a master hand and one of sovereign power. The air of Ilia: *Padre, germani, addio!*, which follows this beautiful

symphony, has a nobleness of style and a depth of expression which have never been surpassed. It would be admired in *Don Giovanni* or in *La Clemenza di Tito*. Moreover Mme. Vandenhoevel-Duprez sang it like a great artist. She penetrated into and rendered all the intentions, even to the most delicate nuances; one would have sworn that she had studied it with the author himself, so faithfully did she express his thought. We see no other singer at the present time who is more worthy to make herself heard in this privileged circle, in this temple consecrated to the worship of the great geniuses of all times and countries.

In the second concert M. Saint-Saëns executed the Fantasia of Beethoven for piano, chorus and orchestra, a composition very piquant and singularly original. The entrance of the chorus, which is wholly unexpected, produces a striking effect. M. Saint-Saëns played his part with a masterly *aplomb* and perfect cleanness. He would leave nothing to be desired if he only had a more marrowy touch, and if one could see him now and then warm up a little. What! such calmness, such an imperturbable *sang-froid* in interpreting Beethoven!

They undertook, in the third concert, the *Chœur de la Charité*, a charming piece, of ineffable elegance and sweetness, in which the *motive* is accompanied, the second time that it presents itself, by that descending scale, so ingenious and so bold, which inspired Adolph Adam with so much admiration. Perhaps it did not produce all the effect that might have been expected.—But it must be observed that this chorus, written at the solicitation of M. Troupenas, was specially designed for young ladies' schools. That it should seem, at the Conservatoire, a little too simple, a little too calm, is not astonishing. Besides, Rossini only put a piano accompaniment to it. We do not know what officious hand has translated this accompaniment, has arranged it for a harp and an orchestra; but we wage that the author, if they had asked him, would have known how to add to it some ingredients in a higher taste.

To these first three concerts the Society, always alive to noble inspirations, has added a fourth, apart from the subscription, of which the proceeds were devoted to the operatives in the cotton factories. The Symphony in C minor and the Septuor of Beethoven, the overture to *Oberon*, a beautiful chorus from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, and an admirable motet for double choir by Sebastian Bach, were the musical attractions. The hall proved too small to receive all the dilettanti who came to offer their money. Never has this admirable music been executed with more verve and heart.

LEON DUROCHER.

Balfé's New Opera.

(From the *London Musical World*, Feb. 14).

On Thursday night the new opera called *The Armorer of Nantes*, for which Mr. Balfé found music and our esteemed co-laborer, Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, the words, was produced in presence

of an audience disposed to enthusiasm, and crowding every part of the theatre.

Anne, Duchess of Brittany (Miss Hiles), is sought in marriage by the French king, Louis XII. That monarch, actuated somewhat by a feeling of affection and a great deal by a desire to annex the rich Duchy of Brittany to the crown of France, has employed every means in his power to attain his end. But, when the opera opens, it is far from certain he will succeed. His envoy, M. de Villefranche (Mr. Weiss), discovers that a certain unprincipled, but gay and dashing, adventurer, Fabio Fabiani (Mr. Santley) has found favor in the eyes of the Duchess, and, indeed, so fascinated her, that she loads him with honors and wealth. Nor is this all. There is reason to believe that she may bestow on him her hand. At this juncture, when matters wear so unfavorable an aspect for Louis XII., M. de Villefranche obtains possession of a letter, in which a considerable number of Breton nobles have offered their aid to place the Duchy of Brittany in the hands of the German Emperor. Armed with this letter he informs the nobles that their lives are in his hands. At the same time, however, he assures them that he will not betray them, provided they will aid him in getting rid, by fair means or foul, of Fabio Fabiani, who threatens to endanger so seriously the French king's chance of gaining the Duchess's hand. The nobles readily promise to do as M. de Villefranche requires. Scarcely have the nobles retired ere Marie, an orphan (Miss Louisa Pyne), rushes from a small house at one corner of the public place, across which the Duchess has passed. She is quickly followed by Dame Bertha (Mrs. Aynsley Cooke), and from a conversation between the two, we learn that Dame Bertha, forgetful of everything save the desire of gain, has betrayed her trust, and, instead of carefully watching over Marie's safety, has yielded to the bribes of a young gallant, styled the Chevalier de Coutras, and, under some pretence or other, given him access to the house in which she and Marie reside, and which belongs, by the way, to Raoul, the armorer (Mr. W. Harrison). Marie, innocent, kind, and inexperienced, has at first seen nothing wrong in the courteous stranger's visits, but at length she becomes alarmed. Her conscience, too, smites her. She has been adopted by Raoul, who has carefully tended her through her childhood. Raoul, however, no longer loves her with the affection of a guardian for his ward, but with the glowing passion of a most devoted suitor. In a short time, he is about to make her his wife. She, too, as we have already said, is fondly attached to him. The idea of wronging him, by deed or even thought, strikes her with dismay, and she resolves to tell him all that has occurred. Dame Bertha is alarmed at this, and uses all her power to dissuade her from it. Marie has written to the Chevalier and appointed a meeting with him alone that same night, for the purpose of informing him she must never see him more. Dame Bertha urges her still to accord the interview, in consideration of the object for which it has been granted, and also not to speak to Raoul on the subject. The poor girl, acting as she thinks for the best, and desirous to screen Dame Bertha from Raoul's just censure, promises compliance, or, at least, promises not to say anything to Raoul that night. This is all that Dame Bertha wishes, for it has been arranged between the Chevalier and herself that the former shall forcibly carry Marie off, during the absence of Raoul, before the dawn. But fate wills it otherwise. Raoul, attracted by his love, leaves his workshop to say a few words to his betrothed before she retires to rest. Before his house he meets a Jew (Mr. H. Corri), who warns him not to return to his work, but to remain and watch. Struck by what the Jew tells him, Raoul conceals himself near at hand, just as a cavalier jumps on shore and directs his footsteps towards the armorer's house. The Jew stops him and, on the stranger's asserting himself to be the Chevalier de Coutras, declares he is no other than Fabio Fabiani, who, forgetful of the affection he feigns for the Duchess, is, for some motive or other, bent on effecting the ruin of Marie, the armorer's be-

trothed. Disregarding Fabio Fabiani's menaces, the Jew proceeds to state that Marie is the long lost daughter, supposed to be dead, of the Count de Brissac—a loyal and devoted adherent of the late Duke of Brittany, Francis II.—and entitled to the Count's vast estates and wealth which the Duchess has recently bestowed upon Fabio. To obtain the proofs, which the Jew possesses, of Marie's parentage and rights, Fabio stabs the Jew. But the latter is too cunning for his murderer. He flings the papers from him as he falls, and they are discovered by Raoul, who has been attracted to the spot by the cries of the murdered man. A few words the latter utters, moreover, excite Raoul's suspicions. He is not destined to remain long in doubt. On the return of Fabio, who has been to seek the boatman in whose boat he arrived to obtain his assistance in flinging the Jew into the Loire, matters take a strange turn. Required by Raoul to state by what right he is about to enter the house towards which he is directing his course, Fabio replies that he does so by the best of all rights. The house is his own, or, at any rate, that of his mistress. This provokes a fearful outburst on the part of Raoul, who brands Fabio as a lying villain. Fabio contemptuously tosses over Marie's letter, in which she makes the appointment to receive Fabio that evening alone. At first, Raoul is paralyzed, as it were; but recovering himself and wrought up to the highest pitch of fury, he rushes upon Fabio with the purpose of avenging his injured honor. But he is unarmed. Fabio dares him to do his worst, and, jeeringly offering him the key to his (Raoul's) house, which key he has of course received from Dame Bertha, leaves the spot with the intention of getting rid of Raoul as soon as possible. Goaded to desperation, Raoul is ripe for any deed by which he may satisfy his desire for revenge. In this mood he is found by M. de Villefranche, who is delighted to meet with so apt an agent for working out Fabio's downfall. A compact is instantly concluded between the two. M. de Villefranche promises to wipe out in Fabio's blood the injury inflicted on Raoul; and Raoul, on his side, pledges his word to place his life at the disposal of M. de Villefranche.

Such is the substance of the first act. In Act II. we find Fabio urging his suit with the Duchess, who feigns to believe his protestations of love. But she has been informed by the wily M. de Villefranche of what has occurred. Unwilling, however, to condemn Fabio too rashly, she summons Marie to her presence, and questions her as to the truth of the statement made by the envoy of the French king. Marie owns that she has written to say that Fabio might meet her the preceding evening alone, during the absence of Raoul. To her horror, the latter, who has heard all she has said, having been previously concealed by the Duchess behind the tapestry of the apartment, comes forward. Ignorant of the truth, he fancies that Marie has betrayed him. Life, without the love of her to whom he is so devoted, has lost all its charms, and he ratifies by an oath the promise already made to M. de Villefranche. Before this, however, he stipulates that the Duchess shall reinstate the daughter of the Count de Brissac in the estates and wealth which belonged to her father, and which the Duchess has recently granted to Fabio. This the Duchess swears to do. Raoul then declares the Count's long lost daughter is Marie. In corroboration of this assertion, he gives the Duchess the papers he has received from the Jew. Dismissing Marie, the Duchess enquires of Raoul if he has a weapon with him. Raoul shows her a dagger—the same with which Fabio has committed the murder, and which Raoul has picked up after the murder. Seizing his arm, the Duchess calls out for help. M. de Villefranche, accompanied by some noblemen attached to the court, rushes in, and the Duchess accuses Raoul of having attempted to assassinate her. Raoul, in the greatest surprise, is about to deny the charge, when the Duchess reminds him of their compact, and orders him to be kept in safe custody. Fabio, ignorant of the danger which menaces him, re-appears. He assures the Duchess that the greatest misery he can

suffer is to be absent even for a moment from her side. She replies that he ought to console himself with the assurance that, while he was away, she had done nothing but think of him; indeed, anxious to please him, she has sent for an old friend of his, and with these words confronts him with Marie. He is petrified at the sight of the latter, but, putting a bold face on the matter, denies that he knows her. The Duchess orders him to give up his sword. He obeys her, but observes that he never yet knew it was a crime for a man to woo a young girl. Unable to restrain her rage, the Duchess accuses him, before her assembled court, of having hired a bravo to assassinate her. Fabio indignantly denies the charge. The Duchess gives a signal, Raoul steps forward, and corroborates her words. As proofs of Fabio's guilt, the dagger taken from Raoul, and with which, as we know, Fabio murdered the Jew, is brought forward, as well as the purse he offered Raoul for his aid in helping to throw the Jew into the river, and which Raoul declares he gave him to make the attempt on the life of the Duchess. Every one is convinced of Fabio's guilt, and both he and Raoul are made prisoners, preparatory to being led to death.

Three weeks are supposed to have elapsed between Act II. and Act III. The Duchess's anger has cooled down, and her love for Fabio resumed its sway over her heart. She would now set him free, but M. de Villefranche has excited the nobles of Brittany against Fabio, and they determine he shall die. The Duchess, however, defies their efforts, and resolves to carry out her intention. For this purpose she visits the prison—the old Castle of Nantes—in which Fabio is confined. Afraid, however, of the power of her nobles, she dares not let it be known that she has been instrumental in saving Fabio. At this moment, Marie, who is now acknowledged as the Countess de Brissac, steps forward and volunteers to do the Duchess's bidding. She has gained access to the prison by bribing one of the under goalers. The Duchess, thinking Marie still loves Fabio, unsuspectingly accepts her services, and orders M. de Kerkouen (Mr. Lyal), the Governor of the Castle, and Pascal (Mr. Aynsley Cooke), the head gaoler, to execute all the commands that Marie may give him. Having done this, she hastens away to frustrate the machinations in which she has reason to fear M. de Villefranche is engaged to stir up the people of Nantes to a revolt. When the Duchess has left, Marie details her plans for the escape of the prisoner. She has an interview with Raoul, who is still devotedly attached to her. She convinces him that she is innocent, and faithful to him, Raoul believes her, and once more prizes life, which, while he deemed her false, he despised. Suddenly the noise of a conflict is heard without. The people, moved by the intrigues of the French Envoy, have at length risen in revolt. They have overpowered the troops, and cry aloud for Fabio's death. At this juncture, M. de Kerkouen returns with the boatman who is to convey Fabio to the Castle. To his surprise he meets not the favorite, but Raoul. He instantly perceives Marie's intention, but promises to say nothing. The fact is, he feels but too willing to assist her in deceiving the Duchess, for he has been bribed by M. de Villefranche, with the promise of the post of Governor of the Bastille in Paris, if he will mar the Duchess's plans, and prevent Fabio's escape. Raoul now hurries off, but not before M. de Kerkouen, who is rather fearful he may lose his head, should the Duchess discover his treachery, has ordered the boatman for fear of accident, not to be in too great a hurry, but to delay as much as possible.

Meanwhile, the tumult before the Castle has increased. The Duchess rushes in, followed by M. de Villefranche, and several Breton nobles. She learns from M. de Kerkouen that Fabio is still a prisoner. Daring a terrible glance at the Governor, she appeals to the noblemen present to protect her. Her appeal is in vain. At last, exhausted, and totally overcome by grief, she yields. M. de Villefranche advances to a balcony, and informs the assembled people that Fabio will be executed within an hour. The

Duchess dismisses every one except M. de Kerkouën. She upbraids him with his treachery, and says, that if Fabio falls, he also shall die. M. de Kerkouën quails before the danger with which he is menaced. Suddenly, an idea strikes him. The victim is to be led to the scaffold with a gag of iron in his mouth, and his body enveloped in a black veil from head to foot. If the people behold a head fall, what matter whose it is! If he could substitute Raoul for Fabio! He rushes to the window overlooking the river. The boatman, mindful of the orders he has received, has not yet left. M. de Kerkouën makes a signal. The boatman replies, and turns back his boat to the Castle. M. de Kerkouën has attained his object. Fabio's life and his own are saved.

Meanwhile, Marie is unable to leave the Castle, as all the outlets are secured by the people. Wandering through the old building, she sees a procession of monks and soldiers conducting the prisoner to the scaffold. M. de Villefranche also sees it. He fancies the man enveloped in the black veil is too tall for Fabio. It instantly strikes him that M. de Kerkouën has been playing him false. He rushes off to ascertain whether his suspicions are well-founded. Marie is now discovered by the Duchess. The people shout with savage joy on beholding the victim as he is led to the fatal block. The Duchess laughs scornfully, and congratulates Marie that Fabio will escape after all, and tells her that it is not he, but Raoul, the armorer, who is concealed beneath the veil. Marie is thunderstruck. She is about to rush forward to inform the populace of the deceit practised upon them, when the Duchess endeavors to restrain her, but Marie breaks from her grasp. She is hastening to the balcony, when the report of a cannon is heard. It is the signal agreed upon to announce that the prisoner is mounting the scaffold. She gasps for breath. A second cannon is heard, the prisoner is laying his head upon the block. Marie staggers forward. A third cannon now booms through the night. The prisoner has ceased to live. A tremendous cry rends the air. Marie is on the point of sinking to the ground, when the curtains at the back of the stage are flung aside, and M. de Villefranche appears leading in Raoul, whom he has saved. Fabio is no more, and Louis XII. has no rival left to fear.

With regard to the performance, we must be satisfied to record for the present that, thanks in a great measure to Mr. Alfred Mellon, it was one of the most satisfactory, in a general sense, that we ever remember on a first night. Six pieces were encored, namely, Marie's cavatina, "Oh would that my heart" (Miss L. Pyne); Raoul's ballad, "In the desert waste of life" (Mr. Harrison); Fabio's barcarole, "The flower is beauty" (Mr. Sautley); Villefranche's ballad, "Truth and beauty" (Mr. Weiss); Marie's ballad, "There's one who fear'd me" (Miss L. Pyne); the dance of gypsies (gypsies); and Raoul's ballad, "Oh love is like a reed" (Mr. Harrison). These, however, although on the present occasion they are most successful, are not in every instance the best pieces in the opera.

Although the performance occupied more than four hours, the audience, who had already called forward the composer, author, and principal singers at the end of the first act, summoned them again with immense warmth and unanimity at the conclusion of the third.

(From the Athenæum.)

"Another success proclaimed to a crowded theatre by more *encore* than can be easily counted!—another of those events, we are sorry to add, which hold back our hope in national Opera, and tempt us to aid the Continental inquiry, forever sardonically put, 'Are the English a musical people?' The matter is one not to be dismissed briefly; the success is too discouraging not to claim the closest examination.

To take Victor Hugo's ferocious yet remarkable tragedy of "Maria Tudor," as subject for opera, was in itself a cardinal mistake. Theameleon character of *The Queen*, with all its lurid lights and dull shades, its passion and its pettiness, is untranslatable in music. Then, the

instrument which gives the deadliest sting of poison to her gloomy vengeance,—namely, the seduction of the younger heroine by the Court adventurer who has practised on the credulity of the Queen,—when it is modified as here, to suit English requirements, into a mere case of temptation, render her position with her burgher lover and protector without consequence or probability: Mr. Bridgeman having retained her remorse in full, while he has softened her infidelity. The story is destroyed thereby. The long explanations in dialogue which lead up to the most striking and intricate situations, such as those of the first and third acts, must engender heaviness, were they treated by the most masterly hands. Lastly, to lighten the oppressive gloom of so dark a tragedy, it has been thought necessary to introduce a liberal allowance of ballads; to suspend a grave situation by thrusting in a band of gypsies, who dance when murder is afoot; to sanction the monstrosity of the final cuckoo rondo of exultation by regulation "made and provided," after the ears have hardly been cleared of the boom of the cannon announcing a popular riot quelled by the execution of a royal favorite, for whom, by one woman, so much sin had been dared—by another, so much agony endured. "Titus Andronicus" is little more irrational as a theme for operatic illustration than "Marie Tudor." The heap of horrors and consolations, which it would be superfluous farther to disentangle for the benefit of those not well read in French tragedy, is not made lighter by the scene being transferred from the Thames to the Loire—from London to Nantes. The words, again, of "The Armorer of Nantes" are remarkable enough to depress the most sanguine hope. Yet they come from the pen of the author of "The Puritan's Daughter;" a book, it may be recollected, which promised better things from its writer. That such text could be by any one or anywhere accepted is almost inconceivable; its adoption by Mr. Balfe argues an indifference to every consideration of art or sense which amounts to a cynicism not gratifying to contemplate. No wonder that we have no real English Opera, so few articulate English singers!—no wonder that persons of taste and intelligence prefer burlesque and "screaming farce" to situations of passion and moments of sentiment made ridiculous by the language in which they are conveyed.

Even Mr. Balfe, habitually unselect as he has been, is on this occasion overborne by the dead weight imposed on him. His oldest and most frivolous phrases, his best used forms, his least skillful combinations, are here assembled, as though he had been aware that labor and pains would be thrown away. There is motion in some of his music; but the rhythms are affected, and the tunes are far-fetched and faded. There are many ballads; but there is not one which will, we think, remain. The example of the Italian composers (disastrously set by Signor Rossini in the trial-scene of his "Gazza Ladra," and followed by Donizetti and Signor Verdi to satiety) of making passion, surprise and despair, speak to the most frivolous rhythms, is here followed out to its extreme consequences. Crime and cheatery traffic in a waltz tempo; *vide* the scene which precedes the murder of the Jew. Anguish and madness walk in a *Polonaise*; *vide* the concerted piece in the second *finale* (which, however, considered without reference to its purpose, is one of the best numbers of the score). The best music in the opera, because having the most propriety, is that of the Gipsy *ballet*. Nor has Mr. Balfe ever (and this is saying much) been so disregardful of connexion, meaning and accent in the setting of his words.

Robert le Diable at the Boston Theatre.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

They who have attended operatic performances in the great European capitals must regret in American theatres the absence of many things which gave a splendid perfection to what they saw abroad, and they cannot but sigh for the orchestras of four score musicians, the choruses of more than a hundred voices, and the competent *secondo* performers that they remember so well. Yet they cannot complain

that these are not set before them here, when they recall the stupendous subsidies which foreign managers receive, either at large from the imperial hand, or in the form of subscriptions from a rich and fashionable aristocracy. They do not forget the positiveness of excellence implied in the various works named in a *cis-Atlantic* repertoire, but they are careful not to expect more than the money paid for the opera will fairly buy. Judging by their experience and knowledge they may feel that an insufficient representation is given them; yet, considering what are the obstacles in the way of a European performance in America, they will modify their disappointment and find good words for what has really been accomplished. It is obvious that some operas are almost beyond thorough performance in this country, since their requirements are so great and numerous,—the revival of even one often being accounted enough to give the character to an entire London season.—Among these may be placed "Robert le Diable," of which Mr. Grau has given two performances, and which will be repeated once more this evening, in consequence of the great sensation which it has excited. We sketched briefly on Friday the elements which enter into the composition of this massive work, and intimated that so vast a range of emotion and action, involving both human and supernatural beings as participants therein, having tasked to the fullest extent the genius of a master-mind, demanded for proper expression the amplest resources of the lyric stage. The hand must intone the speech of winds and storms, and fitly accompany dire events, blaring hollowly of subterranean terrors and ghastly revels, and not alone aid in interpreting the simple or the strong things of common story. The chorus must bear a part with them, besides giving life to the brighter incidents, and the stage should be peopled with unearthly forms, gliding to weird measures, in the glare or the glimmer of unnatural lights. And through all this such actors as the tale describes must move, unerringly fulfilling their duty and destiny.

That Mr. Grau could not give all this in its mystical impressiveness, is clear; but he gave much, and that so well, that we felt he had earned the right to sit in his box, gazing complacently now at the admirable performance of the stage, and now at the immense audience whose interest did not flag during the long evening. The orchestra did justly by their music, except when those insatiable inflaters of trombones would drown all other instruments with an awful explosion "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The best of the choruses are for male voices, and as usual they are capably sung; when the females chimed in, the music went poorly, although perhaps the effect of the "*Demone fatale*" was increased by the persistent evasion of the pitch by the sopranos. Of the principal parts, *Bertram* undoubtedly attracts most attention, as does *Mephistopheles* in "Faust," and therefore first claims our notice. Signor Susini looked repulsive enough, but his impersonation was not upon the whole equal to Formes's, although it was fine and at certain moments rose to a real grandeur, as in the scene with *Alice*, after the passage beginning "*Trionfo bramato*;" the preceding sentences, especially "*Cara Alice, perché mesta*" and "*ma vieni qua*," lack the assumed tenderness which they should have, while the devilish cunning which Formes constantly manifested was almost wholly wanting. In a word, in Susini's *Bertram* the human shape often cloaks the fiendish nature too closely; while on the other hand Formes sometimes obtruded the demon so palpably that it was a wonder how anybody could have been deluded by him. Sig. Brignoli's *Robert* was remarkable: he sang with continuous energy and even with dramatic expression, giving a fine finish to the favorite "*Sorte amica*;" he almost acted, too, and did not suffer his bright attire to atone for a dull behavior as he sometimes does. *Alice* is not a good part for Madame Lorini, to act but she sang it beautifully, and although less rewarded with applause than M'le. Cordier, she deserved much more. She gave "*Vanne, disse, al figlio*" feelingly, and her artistic use of the *tremolando* in "*Nel lasciar la Normandia*" as well as in the recitative "*Ah, non m'inganno*," etc., was a lesson full of profit to the foolish singers who waste this effect and spoil their style by bestowing it upon every phrase. M'le. Cordier was an acceptable *Iabella*; in action a trifle cool, not singing "*Roberto, tu che adoro*" so well as her first aria, and looking the princess well. *Rambaldo* is not a long part, but it is an excellent one; it is good enough for a first tenor, Herr Hartmann did his best, and improved upon his singing in "*The Jewess*," but "*Regnava un tempo*" and the duo with *Bertram* were not up to the mark, although their action was spirited. The concerted pieces went smoothly, and the great trio "*Lo sguardo immobile*" was given splendidly. M'le. Ravel appeared as the spirit *Elen*, and executed a *pas seul* which was more like the contortions of Signor Monteverdi

than the writhing movements of a flitting ghost. However, the audience liked it, and Signor Brignoli was made at once miserable and ridiculous by the absurd share which he was forced to take in her evolutions.

Palestrina.

(From "Reminiscences of Life in the Old World," by Klausner.)

It is not the sweetest wine, nor the delicate and delicious morsels, that are always enjoyed the most, or that give the most wholesome and lasting nourishment. The effect upon the palate may be agreeable for the moment, and all the good of the food end with this. The same rule holds with regard to our taste and enjoyment of the arts in general, but especially of music. In this, too, we learn by experience that there are pleasures for the fancy, and satisfying nourishment for the soul. The former naturally attract us at first, but at length we become satiated with delicacies, and long for something refreshing and invigorating.

There is a kind of music performed in Italy, which can only properly be heard and appreciated in Italy; which indeed I found to be of a grade quite beyond my powers of appreciation; something to which my taste was yet to be educated. I refer to the music of the church, that is, what belongs peculiarly to the Church of Rome, and which is performed on great festivals, principally in St. Peter's and in the Capella Sistina. This can hardly bear the name of Italian music, since much of it has probably been handed down for ages, even from the ancient Jewish church; and that of Palestrina, to which I particularly refer, is of so remote a period as at least to be distinguished from what we now understand by the Italian school. In this music of Palestrina I found myself an entire novice. How often have I stood in the Capella Sistina, or walked about the great aisles of St. Peter's, and listened to those strange, solemn harmonies! They were always unaccompanied,—and I shall never cease to wonder at the precision of tune and time with which the large choirs struck upon one of those passages and followed the labyrinthine composition, each voice as it were taking its own way with no assistance from another, and, like a great organ guided by the player's hand, resolved finally into a long, full, beautiful chord, falling upon the listening soul like a benediction after an anxious, tearful prayer. I listened to those strains in wonder. My mind was confused in trying to find method and design, to distinguish key and measure, to follow in thought the strange composition,—an utterly useless effort. Nevertheless the music touches my soul with peculiar power, and there was about it something, either in the unnatural voices of the choristers, or in the composition itself, that gave to it a spiritual character, that suggested to me the thought of such music in heaven; something indeed lifting the soul, while it ever remained beyond the mind's comprehension: something which invested it with a singular charm, causing me to linger and listen, when I could hardly say for what, unless it were to hear the beautiful harmonious chord into which the wandering voices resolved.

But strange as it seemed to me then, incomprehensible, often indeed unmusical as it fell upon my ear, it yet produced its effect, and where I little expected, revealed itself in a clearer light, in all its wonderful power and beauty. Some months after I had left Italy a band of musicians came from Stuttgart and gave an instrumental concert of sacred music in the old church of St. George at Tübingen. The musicians stood in the choir of the church among the sculptured tombs of the ancient knights and dukes, and in the light of the beautiful colored windows.—The effect of the sound in the large church could not have been finer, and the musicians played with the most admirable taste and accuracy. The second piece on the programme was a prayer by Palestrina. As the deep, mellow-toned cornets took up their various parts, and wandered as it were through the same old labyrinthine ways, my soul was suffused with the blissful feeling enkindled by that music alone. I was again in Rome, in the great nave of St. Peter's, and the robed choristers were singing once more their sacred strains. No words were needed. Each note bore a burden of meaning from those depths of the soul which lie deeper than language. The music was no longer confused and discordant. It was all clear, sweet, and full of a holy Presence. It was then that for the first time I felt the greatness of Palestrina.—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

The Vagaries of Musical Criticism.

(From an English Journal.)

...We fear, then, it is to the want of the requisite ability to write otherwise, that we must attribute the

continuous commonplace and *ad nauseam* doses of flattery dispensed by certain critics to tragedians, comedians and comedienne, dancers, niggers, and acrobats; but, far above all, to Italian opera artists, from their greatest stars to every little pretentious glimmerer—provided only he, she, or it be foreign, and attached to the Italian troupe. It would be easy to prove this assertion by reference to the files of the papers in which those notices have appeared from year to year—one unvarying style of ever-recurring epithets and platitudes—nothing described clearly or precisely. The voice is never named but as an "organ;" the word song is quite below adoption by these grandiloquent writers, but we have in its stead, vocal *moreaux*; the plain, intelligible shake is *fioriture*; the singing itself is made "rendering;" and the general effect is shadowed forth as the *tout ensemble*. We must not be guilty of an injustice, by the suppression of other of their pet phrases, because by so doing we should deprive the gentlemen aforesaid of the benefit of their seeming scholarship; therefore we adjoin the words *aploomb*, *role*, *nuances*, *cantatrice*, *empressment*, *nerve*, and *dénoûment*, though we take leave modestly to suggest that these "items" are rather liberally diffused in the notices of which we have made mention. But it should not be forgotten that the application, use, and abuse of such terms is a much easier way of writing a critique, than that plain English and common sense *reasons* should be given for the opinions so oracularly propounded and published. Should want of ability be received as the cause of such indiscriminate praise, it would be some excuse for the writer, but none at all for the paper which allows its publication. If, on the other hand, ability be conceded to them, how does it happen that nearly all new comers appear in their judgment, equally great? Or, if a comparison be instituted, it is for the purpose of still exalting the present (for the time being) recipients of their laudations above those immediately preceding them; they have previously received the same unqualified approval, supposing no comparisons had been made in their case. In fact, that system reduces critique-writing to a very simple one indeed—namely, praise, praise, praise. What has originated such a vicious mode of writing, should neither of our assumptions be accepted as the true one? Has the manager or lessee, as the case may be, anything to do with it? We cannot think so; though, to be sure, a manager is open to praise, and is flattered occasionally, like other men in position. Have the artists? No, we should hope not; for that supposition would compromise the dignity and independence of the press. Still, from whatever cause arising, we venture to insinuate that it should cease. It is circulated to impede the upward, onward course of performers, who are, after all, not so wholly blinded by vanity as to suppose that every part they play, every song they sing, is, in itself, perfect and complete. Again, why need they trouble their brains as to exact readings, and careful scholarly interpretation of the text, when they are tolerably certain that no fault of theirs will be pointed out for correction by those over-indulgent critics?

When the public is gravely assured that the singing of one ballad gives sufficient proof of an intimate knowledge, in the singer, of the national characteristics of a whole people, amongst whom the singer had never before been, can the public rely on such an extravagant dictum? Is such an assertion fair, even to the singer, who may thereby, and in consequence, take no further pains to acquire what (for the critic has said it) is already possessed by the artist?

Prominent performers cannot, with any truth, complain of the ill-nature of those gentlemen, whatever private opinion they may entertain of their capacity or sincerity; and although we would condemn, almost as severely, indiscriminate censure as universal praise, yet it seems to us not impossible to observe a fair medium. Where that is not acted on we should prefer—of the two evils—that of censure, and for this reason: indiscriminate censure may induce, on the part of the person so censured, self examination, under the impression that something wrong in singing, acting, or reading, called for correction, and the result might be improvement where none had been thought probable; but, in the other extreme, vanity would set up the belief that no improvement was possible. And we think it will be admitted that the latter feeling invariably generates carelessness, and consequent deterioration, whether in actor, author, or singer.

The "puff preliminary," is a practice that should be, we conceive, wholly disallowed in newspapers. If the object of the puff be clever, or, as the bills would probably tell us, "eminent," the eminent clearly does not require the introductory adulation. If, on the other hand, the eminent be undeserving of the epithet, then the puff is a "delusion, a mockery and a snare." Yet, as a rule, the papers, in which the "preliminary"

is allowed to appear, seldom have writers sharp enough to detect the total want of eminence in the eminent (as the fact frequently is), or, being sharp, have firmness sufficient to proclaim it to the public. Now, if the press is to be regarded as a public instructor—and it generally is—surely its pupils should be told of errors where they exist, and so it would reach correctly those who look upon its published opinions on such matters as an authority. How gratifying it must be to some admittedly great artist, to find that he or she is possessed of an immortality of power, whether for song or recitation; and that the voice which thirty years ago enraptured (without flattery) all its hearers, has still (with gross flattery) the same "register," the same *calibre*, *timbre* "breadth" (whatever that means), and sweetness; that it can still pour forth the same "unimpaired volume" of sound, whether in the *cantabile*, the *bravura*, the *fioriture*, or the *ensemble*! Now, may one seriously ask what is the aim of such misrepresentations, as we shall mildly call them? If the compounding of adulation of that sort do it to please the person so written of, we think they miss their mark; for the artist, now old, theoretically and operatically, cannot but regard with suspicion that flattery which, five-and-twenty years before, had truth for its foundation, and was no more *then* than well deserved praise. In addition, to take the case of a student in music, fully competent to judge of the merits of a great singer, but to whom no opportunity had previously presented itself of hearing the *once* unrivalled. Well, he goes to the theatre to hear the still "unimpaired one," as he is told, and having heard, would he not naturally enough, think: "If you are as great *now* as you ever were, your greatness appears to me incomprehensible." The injudiciousness of such overstrained and untrue commendation is the more apparent, when it shall be known that, perhaps, a few days before, a youthful prima donna had been characterized by the same writers, as literally and actually without parallel on the lyric stage of any country. Truly, if those public chroniclers had better memories, their statements would be a little less extravagant, and their authority stand in less fear of question.

We have purposely selected the musical department of the drama, as that in which the greatest quantity of undeserved hyperbolic eulogy is most liberally administered, and also, as the one in which it should be more strongly reprobated than any other, for the reason that, music, artistically considered, is less generally understood by the many than other entertainments properly connected with theatres; consequently, the greater the necessity of informing the people truly and clearly upon the subject, instead of misleading them by wholesale commendation of every succeeding artist; and, in addition, mystifying them with a polyglot admixture of words and quotations, enough to bewilder a professor of languages. In commenting on ordinary theatrical entertainments, those good natured, and, as we think, too easily satisfied critics, adopt a style something less inflated, not so glitteringly inlaid, and overlaid, too, with fine foreign phrases—a sort of verbal mosaic; still, the overdose is apparent, whether applauding a "youthful but justly celebrated tragedian," or "that highly successful and versatile comedian;" the simple truth being, perhaps, that the pair were of the average ability in their separate departments.

To put implicit belief in all we are told respecting performances, the marvel would appear to be the possibility of finding a *bad* actor or singer; and yet, we dare affirm, the public knows that such individuals are by no means rare birds; although those oracles of whom we write, never do see one on the stage or, at least, seeing they forget to advert to it. In conclusion, let us entertain the hope that the views we have put forward shall not be attributed to a desire to find fault, nor to a disposition towards hypercriticism. We have endeavored, not without hesitancy, to point out what, in our judgment, appear to be serious errors and faults in the class of writers to which attention has been chiefly directed. We have no object to attain, that could by possibility, be deemed personal to ourselves or others. We war against the *system*, and have no motive but that of suggesting the correcting, as we hold, an abuse of the aim and end to which all theatrical notices should tend; namely, public information and instruction.—And, as theatres may be regarded in these times as institutions, in these kingdoms, so it is the more imperative that certain matters connected with them should be treated of truly and impartially; and, therefore, every writer, undertaking to criticize, should do so with proper discrimination, dispensing with even measure praise or dispraise, as the occasion may demand, his notice being accompanied by *reasons* for his opinions. Were this done, then his readers could, with more chance of improvement, discuss those reasons, and agree with or reject them, than when



First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The bass clef staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *ff*, *p*, and *f*. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff shows a melodic line with some rests. The bass clef staff has a more active accompaniment. Dynamics include *Poco ritenuto.* Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff shows a melodic line with some rests. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamics include *Con anima.* Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) and asterisks (*) are present.

8va. loco. 1st. 8va. 2nd. loco.

Ped. *

fz Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

8va. loco. 1st. 2nd.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The word "Dolce." is written above the first measure of the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

Third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a triplet in the third measure.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and ends with a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass staff includes several measures marked "Ped." (pedal) and "fz" (forzando), with asterisks indicating specific notes.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff includes measures marked "fz" and "Ped." with asterisks, continuing the rhythmic and dynamic patterns.

merely told that "Mr. Buskin Bore, as Hamlet, was sublime, and acted with his usual ability," or, that "Miss Penelope Peahen, as Ophelia, was quite up to the mark, sang with her accustomed dulcet tones, and was accorded an amount of *cheers* never before witnessed within the walls of a theatre!"

A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(From LORD BACON'S "Sylva Sylvarum.")

SECTION XX.

(Concluded from page 316.)

OF THE RELATION AND DIFFERENCE BETWIXT LIGHT AND SOUND.

1. Visible species seem to be emissions of the rays of light from the visible object, almost in the manner of odors, only that they are more incorporeal; but audible species seem to participate more of local motion, like percussions or impressions made upon the air. So that, as all bodies appear to operate two ways—viz., either by the communication of their natures, or by the impressions and signatures of their motions, the diffusion of visible species seems to partake more of the former, and audible species of the latter. 2. The species of audibles seem to be more manifestly carried through the air than the species of visibles, as a contrary strong wind will not hinder the sight, though it does the hearing. 3. One difference betwixt visible and audible species is, above all others, very remarkable, as that whereon many smaller differences depend—viz., visibles are carried in right lines, and audibles in curves. Whence it is that visibles do not intermix and confound one another, as sounds do. And hence the solidity of bodies does not much hinder the sight, provided the bodies be clear, and the pores in a right line, as in glass, crystal, diamonds, water, &c., but a thin scarf or handkerchief, though bodies nothing so near solid, hinder vision; whilst such porous bodies do not much hinder the hearing, which solid bodies almost stop, or, at the least, weaken. Hence also small glasses suffice for the reflection of visibles, but greater spaces are required to the reverberation of audibles. 4. Visible objects are seen farther than sounds are heard—that is, in proportion to their magnitude; for otherwise a great sound is heard farther than a small body can be seen. 5. Visibles generally require some distance between the object and the eye, but in audibles the nearer the sound is to the sensory the stronger it proves. But in this there may be a double error, the one because vision depends upon light, and any thing that touches the pupil of the eye all over, excludes the light. For I had it from a very credible person who was himself cured of a cataract, that while the silver needle removed the film of the cataract, he never saw anything more clear or perfect than that white needle; no doubt because the needle was less than the pupil of the eye, and so eclipsed not the light from it. The other error may be because the object of sight strikes upon the pupil of the eye directly without any interception, whereas the cavity of the ear keeps off the sound a little from the organ, so that there is some distance required in both. 6. Visibles are sooner carried to the sense than audibles, as appears in thunder and lightning, the flash and report of a gun, &c. I conceive also that the species of audibles hang longer in the air than those of visibles; for although even visible species hang some time, as when rings are twirled round, they show like spheres; and a fire-brand carried swiftly along leaves a train of light behind it, &c.; yet sounds seem to remain much longer, because they are carried up and down with the winds; and because the distance of the time is great betwixt the flash of a cannon seen and its report heard, twenty miles off. 7. There are no objects found so odious and ungrateful to the sense in visibles as in audibles; for odious sights rather displease, as they excite the memory of odious things, than by the immediate object itself. Whence such sights in pictures are not very disagreeable, but in audibles the fling of a saw is so offensive as to set the teeth on edge, and the ear is presently shocked at harsh discords in music. 8. In visibles, if you come suddenly out of great light into the dark, or out of the dark into a glaring light, the eye is dazzled for a time, and the sight confused; but whether there is any such effect after great sounds, or after a deep silence, should be inquired. 'Tis an old tradition, that those who dwell near the cataracts of the Nile are deaf; but we find no such effect in engineers, millers, and those that live upon bridges. 9. It seems the impression of color is so weak, as not to operate but by a cone of direct rays, or right lines whereof the basis is the object, and the vertical point in the eye, whence there is corradation and conjunc-

tion of beams; and these beams so sent forth are not sufficient to produce the like borrowed, or secondary beams, without reflection; for the beams pass and give little tincture to the air adjacent, otherwise we should see colors out of a right line. But though this happens in colors, it is not so in the body of light; for when there is a screen between the candle and the eye, yet the light passes the paper; for example, when a person is writing by candle-light, so that the light is seen where the body of the flame is not seen, and where any color would not be seen that was placed where the body of the flame is. I judge that sound is of this latter nature, for when two persons converse with a wall betwixt them, the voice is not, perhaps, only the original sound which passes in an arch-line; but the sound that passes above the wall, in a right line, may produce the like motion round about it, as the first did, though weaker.

SECTION XXI.

OF THE SYMPATHY, OR ANTIPATHY, OF SOUNDS WITH ONE ANOTHER.

All concords and discords of music may be aptly called the sympathies and antipathies of sounds; so that music termed broken, or consort-music, some consorts of instruments are sweeter than others—a thing not hitherto sufficiently observed. Thus the Irish harp and the base viol consort well; so do the recorder and stringed instruments; organs—and the voice, &c.; but virginals and the lute, the Welch harp and Irish harp, or the voice and pipes alone, agree not so well. But for the melioration of music, with regard to exquisite consorts, there is much matter left for trial and enquiry.

'Tis a common observation that if a lute or viol be laid upon its back, with a small straw upon one of the strings, and another lute, or viol, be laid by it, and the unison to the former string be struck in the latter, it will make that string move, as appears both directly to the eye, and by the effect of making the straw fall off. And the like happens if the diapason or eighth to that string, be struck, either in the same lute or viol, or in others lying by; but in none of these is there any report of sound to be discovered, but only motion. It has been advised that a viol should have a set of wire-strings below, as close to the belly as a lute, and then the gut-strings mounted upon a bridge, as in ordinary viols, so that by this means the upper strings being struck, should make the lower resound by sympathy, and thus meliorate the music. If this succeed, sympathy will appear to operate as well by the report of sound as by motion. But this device I conceive of no use, because the upper strings, which are stopped in great variety, cannot maintain a diapason with the lower, which are never stopped; but if it has any advantage it must be seen in instruments that have no stops, as virginals and harps, wherein trial may be made of two rows of strings, distant the one from the other.

The experiments of sympathy may, perhaps, be transferred from stringed instruments to others; as, if there were two bells in unison in one steeple, to try whether striking the one would move the other, more than if it were a different cord; and so in pipes of equal bore and sound, to try whether a light straw or feather would move in one pipe, when the other is blown in unison with it.

It seems both to the ear and eye that the instrument of sense has a similitude or sympathy with that which gives reflection; thus the pupil of the eye is like crystal, glass, or water; and the ear, a sinuous cavity, with a hard bone, to stop and reverberate the sound, like the places of echo.

SECTION XXII.

OF THE MEANS OF HINDERING, OR IMPROVING THE HEARING.

When a man yawns he cannot hear so well, the membrane of the ear being then extended, so as rather to repel the sound than attract it. We hear better when we hold our breath than otherwise, whence, in all listening, men hold their breath; for in all expiration the motion is outwards, and therefore rather drives away the voice than draws it in. Besides, in all labor that requires strength we hold the breath, and listening after any sound that is heard with difficulty seems a kind of labor.

Let it be tried, for a help to hearing, to make an instrument like a funnel, the length of six inches or more, the narrow part whereof may fit the hole of the ear, and the broader end swell much larger, like a bell. Let the narrow end of it be applied close to the ear, and observe whether a sound will not be heard distinctly at a greater distance than without this instrument. I have been told that in Spain they use an instrument which, applied to the ear, helps those that are thick of hearing.

Though the lips be shut close, there is a murmur

yielded by the roof of the mouth, as in dumb men; but if the nostrils are likewise stopped, no such murmur can be made, unless in the bottom of the palate towards the throat. Whence it appears that a sound in the mouth, except such as that just mentioned, passes from the palate through the nostrils, if the mouth be stopped.

SECTION XXIII.

THE SPIRITUAL AND FINE NATURE OF SOUNDS.

The repercussion of sounds, which we call echo, is a great argument of their spiritual nature, for if it were corporeal, the repercussion should be caused in the same manner, and by the like instruments, as the original sound; but we see what a number of exquisite instruments must concur in speaking; whereas there is no such thing concerned in the returning of words, but only a plain stop and repercussion.

The requisite differences of articulate sounds carried along in the air, show that they cannot be signatures or impressions in the air; for though seals make excellent impressions, and though sounds in their first generation may be conceived as impressed, yet the propagation and continuance of them, without any new sealing, shows them not to be impressed.

All sounds are suddenly made, and suddenly perish; but neither this, nor the exquisite differences of them, is so wonderful, because the quaverings and warblings in lutes and pipes are as quick; and the tongue, though but a gross instrument, makes no fewer motions in speech than there are letters in all the words it utters. But that sounds should be so speedily generated, and carried so far every way, in so short a time, is more surprising. For example, if a man speak aloud in the middle of a field, he may be heard a furlong round him, and that in articulate sounds, entire, in every little portion of the air, and all this shall be done in less than a minute.

The sudden generation and destruction of sounds must proceed from hence, either that the air suffers some force by sound, and then restores itself, as water does, or that the air readily imbibes the sound as grateful, but cannot maintain it; for the air seems to have a secret appetite of receiving sound at first, but then other gross and more material qualities presently suffocate it, like a flame, which is suddenly generated, but instantly extinguished, by the enmity of the air, or other ambient bodies.

Sounds in general are divided into—1, musical and immusical; 2, trebler and bass; 3, flat and sharp; 4, soft and loud; 4, external and internal; 6, clear, harsh, and purring; and 7, articulate and inarticulate.

We have taken some pains in this inquiry about sound, not only because it is a secret and incorporeal quality in nature, but because we were willing, in our first attempt towards a just natural and experimental history, to give an example of a tolerably exact inquiry, intending to do the like in another article or two; being desirous that men should thoroughly perceive what a severe and rigid thing every true inquiry into nature must necessarily be, and hence accustom themselves to enlarge their minds by the light of particulars to the ample measure of the universe, and not contract the universe to the narrow measure of their own minds.

If farther directions be wanted for the conduct of inquirers, the reader may find them in the second part of the "Novum Organum."

Moritz Hauptmann.

(A Memorial, written for the celebration of his seventieth birthday, October 13, 1862, by OSCAR PAUL.)*

(From the Musical Review and World.)

Translated by FANNY M. RAYMOND.

On the 13th of October, 1792, a son was born in Dresden to the Oberland architect Hauptmann, and whom they christened Moritz. In the corner house of Frauen and Schumacher streets stood the cradle of little Moritz, over which Polhymnia probably sometimes kept watch, as the child's musical instinct began to develop early; these were in no wise opposed by his truly kind father, but, on the contrary, encouraged, and further aided by instruction in violin playing. But yet his father insisted on a careful study of classical literature and science, well knowing that success in life is best attained by the help of a liberal cultivation. And so the boy, and afterwards the youth, zealously studied mathematics, the natural sciences, design, and languages. But in his 19th year, his love of, and vocation for music became of so decided a character, that the architect determined to favor his son's wish to become a musician. In 1811, Moritz Hauptmann went to Spohr

* Some portions of this interesting pamphlet are intentionally omitted, as being less of general, than of merely local importance.

in Gotha (where Spohr was installed as concertmaster from 1805 to 1813), and there became an excellent violin player. Spohr also gave him lessons in composition, and here the subsequent friendship of the two composers seems to have commenced. After a year's study, Hauptmann was entered as violinist in the court chapel, but he can scarcely have held this position for a year, since he took up his residence for five months in Vienna, in 1813, as a member of the theatrical orchestra. Here he again went back to Dresden, from which place he was called to Russia in 1815, as music-master in the house of prince Repuin. A life of change in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Pultawa, and Odessa must have had considerable influence on the young man's spirit. His residence in South Russia, especially, must have been of the greatest consequence to his general education; for here, where little good music was heard, and none talked of, he became again interested in scientific studies; what he had learned in childhood helped him to mature his knowledge. His mathematical skill induced him to undertake many successful enterprises in the mathematical domain, and he was very useful as a surveyor, and in demonstrating difficult problems, while mathematics assisted him to musical combinations. Composition was at that time not always sleeping within him; among other things, he wrote, at the desire of a friend, a divertimento for violin and guitar. In the year 1820, after having breathed Russian air for five years, the artist returned to Dresden, and lived there for two years as a private citizen.

In 1822, he was invited to Cassel as a violin player, and in that city, the friendly relations between him and Spohr became closer. Spohr recommended pupils to him, who wished to perfect themselves in theory and composition (Buschmann for example) and Spohr says in his biography, that Hauptmann discovered a "remarkable ability" for such teaching. Our master's own talent for composition here developed itself to a high degree. We read, in Spohr's biography, that on his 50th birthday, the 5th of April, 1834, in the house of his son-in-law, Rahn, a cantata by Hauptmann was produced. Hauptmann also worked at an opera, "The Sailor," that was subsequently brought out, and which four composers, Spohr, Hauptmann, Baldewein, and Grenzebach, had undertaken to write. Already a member of the well-known Cecilia Society, he was elected an honorary member of the society of Holland for the promotion of music, during his residence in Cassel. Here his opera "Matilda" was twice performed with some success. Our master then undertook a journey to Italy and France. After a short stay in Paris, to which city he made a visit of recreation in the summer of 1842, with his wife (Suzette Hummel, daughter of Hummel, Director of the Academy in Cassel, married Hauptmann on the 27th November, 1841), he found, on his return to Cassel, that he had been chosen Cantor and Music director of the famous Thomas school in Leipzig. Spohr, returned from Carlsbad, was painfully moved by the news of the approaching departure of his friend Hauptmann. We are told in his biography: "Although he was heartily pleased to see his friend exchange his place in the Cassel court chapel for one so much more honorable and advantageous, yet a feeling of melancholy overcame this pleasure, in the reflection that he was about to lose one who had stood very near to him, as friend and artist, for twenty years." As Hauptmann had been an energetic and honored member of the Cecilia Society, at Spohr's suggestion, a parting festival was gotten up for him, the musical portion of which consisted for the most part of Hauptmann's own compositions. But as Spohr wished to contribute at least one piece with special reference to a jubilee, he selected the lovely cantata which he had formerly composed for the golden wedding of his parents, which, with an appropriate text written for it, was listened to with the deeper interest, because Spohr himself accompanied the obligato violin part at the piano.

Hauptmann was now Cantor at the Thomas school. His entrance, on the 12th of September, 1842, gave the then Rector Staulbaum an opportunity to deliver an inaugural address, at the usual party festival of the Thomas school, December 31, 1842, "On the connection between the musical education of youth, and the general aims of the Gymnasium, with biographical notices of the Thomas school in Leipzig," and which contained much valuable and trustworthy information. What Hauptmann accomplished in Leipzig, not only as Cantor of the Thomas school, but also since the foundation of the Conservatory, in 1843, as teacher in that institution, has already been recognized; but a slight notice of his services will not be out of place here, if it only recalls to the memory of some what they heard long ago. Above all, we should not forget the perform-

ances that took place under his directions sometimes in the Thomas church, sometimes in the Gewandhaus. For example, in May, 1847, he directed the performance of Mozart's Requiem in the Gewandhaus. In the church, his wife often appeared as a solo singer. What he accomplished at this time as a composer, will be found in the accompanying list of his works, the greatest part of which appeared at Leipzig. Of his great Mass in G minor, with instrumental accompaniment (opus 30), with which he made his public entrance into office, on the 24 October, 1842, the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* said, that it "strengthened and widened the great respect with which he was received, and of which many public proofs were given him on his first arrival;" and further, "so thoroughly excellent a work as this Mass, one so rich in invention, so masterly and tasteful in the working out, could only have been written out by an artist of the highest rank. It is our firm conviction that we have gained such a one in Herr Hauptmann, and it is our hope that he may be an effective coadjutor in our fresh and active musical life."

Here he was elected an honorary member of several distinguished societies, and after the publication of his theoretical work, "The nature of harmony and metrics," in the summer of 1857, the University of Göttingen conferred on him the degrees of honorary doctor of philosophy and the liberal arts. May the excellent master long continue to accomplish what we still find him doing, as an energetic grey-beard, who to-day celebrates his 70th birthday, and his 50th artist jubilee, since he was installed at Dresden as a musician in 1812.

We often find deep religious sentiment to be the very pulse of musical creative power. As with Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, religion was a principal element of musical inspiration, so, in Moritz Hauptmann, we find manly faith in God a predominating quality, and one which spurred him to express himself in the purest and noblest style of which he was capable.

The belief that all good men have an equal right to the expression of their feelings, is clearly and finely spoken out by Hauptmann in all his polyphonic subjects. Every voice has a life of its own, and, regarded independently of the whole, makes, in form and contents, a round, melodic picture of itself; while yet assisting to perfect the harmonic whole.

No one of that day carried out, better than our excellent master, the idea that "the melody of a polyphonic subject should not merely rest on its harmonic basis, but must also move in coöperation with other melodies of equal value with itself." Through the study of the old Italians, Handel, Sebastian Bach, and other lofty musical spirits, he attained a perfect technical dexterity, and the power of expressing noble feeling in so noble a manner, that his works will be to his contemporaries and to posterity a source of pure pleasure, edification, and valuable instruction.

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 21, 1863.

Concert Review.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's magnificent Oratorio "Elijah" is a work which grows in interest, alike with public and with cultivated musicians, the more that it is heard and studied. Familiar as it has become, one always finds in it new traits of beauty, or of grandeur, or of fine and deep significance. And indeed it is only after a considerable acquaintance that one learns to feel its consistent progress and unfolding, its perfect unity and completeness as a whole. The only pity is that it, like every oratorio, is too long, so that some of its last and grandest portions are apt to fall upon nerves and senses somewhat dulled and wearied. Yet a good performance of so great a work makes a great occasion, and taking strong hold of our sympathies, holds them a long spell, creating as it were a thirst which is not quenched so long as a drop remains. The Society have done well therefore to select "Elijah" for a revival of the

flagging interest in Oratorios. The splendid audience, crowding the Music Hall, was worthy of so fine an undertaking. The artistic success, too, was worthy of such an audience.

The selection of solo singers proved as fortunate as we had anticipated. To be sure, we can scarcely hope to find a man to answer to our ideal of Elijah, one who in weight of voice and dignity of person shall be to us the grand old prophet. Mr. Weiss in England, Formes, as we have heard him here, only approach to it. But Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, without the ponderous bass or the impressive presence of either of them, has certainly rich, solid, musical tones, well under control, and a good conscientious and appropriate delivery, never feeble nor offensive. We count ourselves happy to have had the noble music of so difficult a part so well filled out. He had evidently studied it carefully and with appreciation. The declamatory sentences were good; but the more tender, prayerful passages, like: *It is enough*, were better. But the tough iron energy of, *Is not His word like a fire and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?*, demands the rarest power of voice.

Next in importance to the part of Elijah are the principal soprano airs and recitatives, which also found worthy presentment in the highly cultivated voice, the pure and noble style, and well-conceived expression of Mme. GUERRABELLA. It is true we liked her better in Italian music; it is true her voice sounds somewhat worn and thin in parts; but for the most part it is musical and clear and telling, capable of much dramatic expression; she has the art of sustaining, swelling, diminishing and shading a tone in a high degree; her rendering is always dignified, and her conception good, her feeling of the music genuine. There was a chaste abstinence from ornament; at the most a few finale trills, which were executed in a noble and impressive style. It would be unfair to expect of her the force and splendor, of the Lind voice in such passages as *Thus saith the Lord* (after *Hear ye, Israel*), and *Holy, holy*, in the quartet of angels; but they were made really effective; the clear, high sentences of the Youth (before the Rain chorus) were decidedly so. The whole manner and presence of Mme. Guerrabella was interesting and in keeping with the music, which she seemed to approach with an unfeigned respect, and to enter heartily into its spirit.

One cannot help thinking that Miss HOUSTON with a proper education, might have made a very superior, possibly a great singer. She has a great voice in respect of power, and very musical and pure in quality; but what is more, she seems to have the instincts, the innate dramatic fire, the magnetic quality of a singer that should thrill the heart of an audience. These betray themselves unexpectedly in here and there a passage. We had one instance in the "Jubilee Concert," in the bright soprano sentence: *The night is departing* (in the Hymn of Praise). This time we had another in the splendid, thrilling manner in which she struck the high tone in the last sentence of the Queen's denunciation of Elijah: *Do unto him as he hath done*. It was more than a bright flash of sound; you felt a poetic force in it; a talent which might perhaps adequately render the climax of the heroine's part in the prison scene of *Fidelio*, where she exclaims: "I am his wife!" In the recitative near the end, in the quartets, and especially in the lovely duet (with Contralto): *Zion spreadeth her hands*, Miss Houston's voice did excellent service.

Mrs. J. S. CARY, in respect of fresh, rich warmly colored beauty of voice (contralto), pleased perhaps more than any. A voice of good, evenly developed power too. Her singing can hardly be called expressive; but it is simple and unmarred by affectations. And the lovely airs: *Woe, woe unto them that forsake Him*, and *O rest in the Lord*, had only to be sung simply, sweetly, and with such voice as hers, to make a beautiful and deep impression. The latter piece was encored.

The Angel Trio: *Lift thine eyes*, was sung by the three above named ladies, holding the audience in breathless silence. It seemed to us to be taken a little too slow, and we question the policy of retarding a passage in it. The dramatic element should hardly enter at all into so ethereal and impersonal a strain.

Mr. CASTLE, in the principal tenor parts, fully confirmed the good impression which he made in the "Messiah." With a voice resembling in quality that of Sims Reeves, though of less power; and of course far less refined and strengthened and made flexible by art, and with evident earnestness of effort, he succeeded in bringing out much of the essential force and beauty of the music. The holy comfort of the air: *If with all your hearts*, was well conveyed in his expressive rendering. It is a long time since we have had so much power and sweetness combined in a tenor voice in our Oratorios. We hope the early and easy success of Mr. Castle will not, by keeping him in continual demand before publics, deprive him of the time and will for study, so essential to the preservation and improvement of his gift.

All of the principal artists took part in the Double Quartet, and several of them in the Quartets, which went as well as we remember to have heard them here. The choruses, every one of so marked a character, so individual, so full either of seraphic sweetness, or of inspiring grandeur, or of graphic imagery, were sung at least well enough to produce the essential impression of the wonderful music; some of them admirably. Of course there is the usual allowance to be made for want of perfect balance of the parts and for timid taking up of passages on the part of many of the voices, especially in the soprano. Considering the many obstacles which combine against all plans of rehearsal in this country, much had been achieved by Mr. CARL ZERRAHN in training his forces to the point of readiness to march, and march with unity, effectively, through such a work. The orchestra was well up to the mark, and Mr. LANG supplied what helping force could come from the old organ buried in the recess.

Every music-lover will rejoice that "Elijah" is to be performed again to-morrow evening.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Last Wednesday's was the fourteenth Afternoon Concert, and that it was a rich one it needs only the programme to show:

1. Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
2. Concert Waltz—"Controversen".....Strauss
3. Grand Symphony, No. 7, in A.....Beethoven
 1. Poco sostenuto—Vivace.
 2. Allegretto.
 3. Scherzo—Allegro.
 4. Finale. Allegro con Brio.
4. The Wanderer. Transcribed for Orchestra F. Schubert
5. Introduction from the Opera, "Magic Flute,".....Mozart
6. Le Reuil du Leon—Fantasia Characteristique, by Koutzky

[First time in this country].

Italian Opera.

The protracted season of six weeks (an unprecedented length for Boston, Manager GRAU says in his card of thanks to the public), closes this afternoon.

The principal event of the past week has been the performance of *Robert le Diable*, three times in succession, namely on Friday evening of last week, on Saturday afternoon and on Monday evening. It is a singular trait in our operatic public, that it will not bear to hear an opera, however good, repeated, except at a long interval of time. *Roberto* on the first night was crowded; the most brilliant and enthusiastic audience of the season. On Saturday the attendance dwindled; on Monday it was played to a thin house. Now this is poor economy in the case of a work of such significance and sterling merit. *Robert* is still the freshest, most original and imaginative of Meyerbeer's operas. It is in some respects a great work; certainly a very elaborate one; and it seems mere waste and folly to get together the means for any sort of performance of it only once. To be understood, appreciated, learned, as the public may be said to have learned some more familiar works, it should be heard repeatedly; and one would suppose the natural result of a first hearing, with its delight and wonder and somewhat of bewilderment, would be to make one eager for a chance to hear it right over again until all should be clear. But not of that mood was our public. Would it have been otherwise had the performance, the cast of characters, *mise en scène*, the orchestra and all been as complete and perfect as they are in Paris? We doubt. The performance to be sure was far from perfect; but it was in many respects, nay as a whole, perhaps the best, at least the most important representation which this company have given here. The orchestra and chorus were increased, and did their work effectively, if we except the female chorus, and some braying of brass beyond all reason. There was the usual cutting up and transposing of the play, too, making the clue of the story difficult to hold to the uninitiated. BRIGNOLI, who was in fine voice, and exerted himself as far as singing went, was more of a stick than usual in action, and in the resurrection scene, during the *pas de fuscination* (danced by Mlle. Marietta Ravel) was so awkward as to provoke a loud and general hilarity. SUSINI was fiercely enough got up, in black and red, for the fiend father, Bertram, and his ponderous voice told well; but it was by no means a very subtle impersonation, such as we have seen in *Formes*; nor did the voice sound out so solid and voluminous in the incantation and other places as one might expect. But he sings always well, and the music did not suffer on account of him. Herr HARTMANN made a feeble and indifferent Rimbaldo, although he appeared to more advantage in it than in *La Juive*.

It is highly to the credit of Mme. LORINI, that in spite of such personal disadvantages for such a part as the beautiful and maiden-like one of Alice, she sang its music so charmingly and conceived and acted it so earnestly and truly. Alice, to our mind, is the finest of all Meyerbeer's creations; and all her music is original, quaint, beautiful and maiden-like. It was much that Mme. Lorini could give so much pleasure in a favorite part of Jenny Lind. Mlle. CORDIER, too, won much praise in the part of the Princess Isabella. One thing may be said of *Robert le Diable*: it is always fortunate, when a performance is imperfect, or the singers not the best, that the music is good enough to fall back upon, and worth attention in itself. We wish we could say as much of Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," part of which we sat through a few nights before. (On another page will be found a fuller notice of *Roberto* from the *Advertiser*).

Miss KELLOGG, having recovered her voice, delighted a full house by her singing and graceful, lively action in the "Daughter of the Regiment" on Tuesday night.

On Wednesday evening Sig. BRIGNOLI covered himself with laurels. It was his favorite role, in Donizetti's *Favorita*. Something has put our tenor on his mettle lately; he exerts himself remarkably; he becomes alive; his voice has never sounded richer, manlier, sweeter; and there was even pith and fervor in his action at times. Miss MORENSI, also, for so young a singer, made a decided impression in the

part of Leonora. Her voice, commonly classed as a contralto, told to advantage in the upper register; and she sang the difficult music with fluent execution and good expression. Her action was fair, if somewhat timid; and she has no offensive affectations or exaggerations. Wreaths and bouquets were showered down upon her. Signor SUSINI made a grand old monk, and thundered out the excommunication most impressively. The King's part was respectably filled by Sig. AMODIN, whose voice is not free from the tremolo that afflicts so many baritones. He seems a conscientious and pains-taking artist. Orchestra and chorus were uncommonly good, and indeed the whole performance had life in it.

Mr. ZERRAHN offers us a fine programme for his fifth Philharmonic Concert to-night (the last but one). First the orchestra will play a quaint old Symphony, written in the days of the infancy of Symphony, but not the less interesting, by C. P. Emanuel Bach. We heard it several times in Berlin, always with pleasure; Mr. Zerrahn justly says of it:

"This Symphony was written in 1776, by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, second son of the great Sebastian, and generally known as Bach of Berlin. He excelled in bold modulations and instrumentation, while his compositions were looked upon by Haydn as models. His principal desire was, that the music he wrote should touch the heart. The present Symphony is not simply given as a novelty, but because, even at the present day, its ideas possess a wonderful degree of freshness, notwithstanding the long lapse of time since it was originally written. It has recently been produced at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, and at the Symphony Concerts in Berlin, with such remarkable success that it was again demanded by the public at subsequent performances."

Next comes an Adagio for four violoncellos, by Lachner; and Mendelssohn's charming romantic overture, "The fair Melusina," closes the first part.

The second part opens with Beethoven's great Concerto in E flat, to be played by OTTO DRESEL, who made such effect with it in the Jubilee Concert. The Bridal Procession from *Lohengrin*, and the Overture to *Urid Acosta*, will conclude the entertainment.

PROF. CHILD'S Concert of "War Songs"—with the Antigone chorus, &c., to be sung by the Harvard Musical choir, under Mr. Paine's direction, and interspersed with orchestral pieces, is postponed to next Saturday evening, at Chickering's Hall. The price of tickets is one dollar, and the object is to raise means to circulate the songs among our soldiers.

MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN.—The recent improvements introduced by Messrs. Mason and Hamlin into their Harmoniums, have increased wonderfully the popularity of instruments of this class. Admirers of true Organ Music, of sustained harmonies, are no longer confined to the asthmatic or weak-lunged Melodeon, or the noisy, ear-tearing reed organ. An instrument is now obtainable, which is much more under the control of the performer, is capable of producing the softest tones, and yet possesses many times the power of any melodeon. As the Mason and Hamlin instruments having these new improvements, (we may specify as particularly valuable the Automatic Swell) are *sui generis*, like those of no other maker, and since there are other instruments called Harmoniums without these excellencies, Messrs. Mason and Hamlin have adopted and copyrighted the name of "CABINET ORGAN" as their special trade mark.

As we have said, the great advantages possessed by these Cabinet Organs make them very desirable for the drawing-room, and they are rapidly becoming a necessity for the family. The low price at which they are afforded, brings them within the means of almost every household, and, as lovers of music, we welcome the popularity they have already attained.—*N. Y. Musical Review*.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16.—The Philharmonic Society gave their fourth concert of the season, on the 14th, under the direction of Mr. THEODORE EISEL. The programme was as follows:

- Symphony No. 4, in C, op. 33 ("Jupiter"),.....Mozart
 1. Allegro Vivace. 2. Andante Cantabile.
 3. Minuetto, Allegretto. 4. Allegro Molto.
 Aria from "The Creation," "In native worth," sung by Mr. Perring.....Haydn
 Concerto for the Piano, opus 25, in G minor (Mr. Wm. Saar),.....Mendelssohn
 1. Molto Allegro con fuoco. 2. Andante.
 3. Presto, Molto Allegro Vivace.
 Overture characteristic, "Faust",.....Richard Wagner
 Reverie. Solo for Violoncello, composed and performed by.....F. Berguer

Song "Adelaide," sung by Mr. Perring..... Beethoven
 Solos for Piano. a. Impromptu, op. 36, F sharp major..... Chopin
 b. Tarentella d'apres Rossini..... Liszt
 William Saar.

Overture, Scherzo and Finale. In E. op. 52..... Robert Schumann
 1. Andante con moto... Allegro. 2. Scherzo.
 3. Finale, Molto Allegro Vivace.

Mozart's Symphony, undoubtedly his finest work in this form, and written at a time when he had probably reached the highest point of his artistic and creative powers, is throughout an ode to joy, a glorious expression of those triumphant movements that more than recompense the artist for the sufferings almost inseparably linked with genius. Yet Mozart's inspired joy is even more general than individual,—in it he forgets himself; this quality gives one charm to his creation, to rob it of another. It does not passionately appeal to certain natures, as do most of the works of Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert; it speaks a language perhaps more generally understood. The enthusiastic jubilation of the Allegro; the quiet, reflective happiness of the Andante—a movement usually reserved for the expression of grief, melancholy, or longing, but which here is but softly clouded by momentary remembrances of pain;—the verve of the Minuet and Trio; the melodic charm, the contrapuntal art, the fine harmonization, the victorious playing with difficulties of the highest order—the rapture of a soul rejoicing in its own strength—of the great closing fugue, the whole is a hymn of gratitude for, and delight in, all that is best and sweetest in poor human life, although it may not reach the deepest and the highest in the life of exceptional genius.

Schumann's fine work, composed during a period when he was most occupied with instrumental writing, we found clear in conception and execution, full of elegance and original strength, and masterly in the instrumentation. Especially beautiful is the Scherzo; it is as though we sat in a gondola, the measured dip of the oars, and the soft gurgle of the water, occasionally broken by the shooting past of other gondolas, each filled with its singers and orchestra. And in the rich and effective fugued finale, music reaches the highest point of poetically humorous jollity.

"They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
 Amid the festal-sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
 Brown Exercise rejoice to hear;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear."

We failed to discover any charm in Wagner's "Faust" overture; the work is intended, we presume, as a musical translation of the motto from Goethe's drama, which Wagner prefixes to it—"the God who dwells within my breast, can deeply move my inward soul; he sways all my powers, yet cannot move aught of the outward; and thus being is a load to me, death longed for, and life hated." The overture sounded noisy and confused to us—not vague, for vagueness with method in its madness is a positively poetic quality—but unclear, and even trivial in idea, although the instrumentation, when not drowned in brass, is in parts fine.

In place of Mr. SAAR, who was prevented from playing by sudden illness, Mlle CAMILA URBO played, at short notice, the *Andante* and *Rondo Russe*, from De Beriot's 2nd Concertino, and *Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Caprice* in A, with all her own feminine grace and delicate finish. The pleasant surprise of her appearance was greeted with enthusiastic welcome.

Mr. BERGNER's Violoncello "Révérie" was a very agreeable variety in the programme.

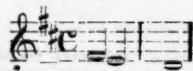
Mr. PERRING's voice and style, pleasing enough in ballad music, are not sufficient to give effect to oratorio recitative, or such a song as "Adelaide."

The Philharmonic Society will next rehearse, for the last concert, under Mr. CARL BERGMANN'S direction, Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, Gade's over-

ture "Reminiscences of Ossian," and Berlioz's Symphony "Les Francs Juges."

Mareček's Italian troupe, at present occupying the Academy of Music, continues to gain in popularity. The new tenor, MAZZOLINI, especially, is creating quite a *furor* of admiration. "Ernani" and "La Traviata" have been given since, "Trovatore" and "Il Ballo" (*evviva Verdi!*) with Mdlle. BRIGNOLI as Violetta, in which part she made an agreeable impression. "Norma" will be sung to-night. It is said that Mdme. GUERRABELLA's name has been added to the company.

On next Saturday evening, Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK will produce a new Symphony of his own composition, entitled, "Victoria," with the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra, and the chorus of the German Liederkrantz.



PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12.—Master ISAAC RICE, the youthful pianist, whose very successful *debut* last winter was noticed in your columns, gave another Concert on Tuesday evening last, upon which occasion he was assisted by Mad. JOHANNSEN, Messrs. CHAS. SCHMITZ, FLAMMER, and Master CHARLES ROESE.

Master Rice's playing bears evidence of careful practice under a competent teacher.—Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN. He has improved in many respects since his last appearance in public; a more powerful touch, and greater facility of execution being particularly noticeable. It is rarely, indeed, that one hears the exquisite "Spring Song" of Mendelssohn so appreciatively interpreted by one of such tender years; and in this there is an obvious improvement, that it is pleasant to applaud. With time and experience, and the assistance of a preceptor like Mr. Wolfsohn, Master Rice cannot but occupy, at no distant date, a very high position among our resident pianists.

To the other performers it is scarcely worth while to refer. Mad. Johannsen and Mr. Schmitz are too well and too favorably known to need any commendation on my part; Mad. J. does not, of course, sing as she once sang; my wonder is, that as a woman of five-and-forty summers, she can sing at all.

Mr. Schmitz's two solos,—a Concertina for 'Cello by Kummer, and an Adagio by Mozart, were both creditably rendered. Mr. Flammer essayed Prume's "La Melancolie," which revived unmelancholy reminiscences of a better performance of this very difficult and proportionately beautiful solo, by an amateur friend, whose modesty as a musician is only to be compared to his merit in that respect; and who, I am sure, would never have survived the mortification, if he had stood in Mr. Flammer's place, and performed "La Melancolie" only twice as well. A less ambitious solo is better suited to Mr. F's present capacities.

Master Charles Roese, son of our talented German Professor, made his first obeisance to the public, before playing his part in a very brilliant duet, with Master Rice, for two pianos, in the shape of a large quantity of idea-less variations, major and minor, and in all the *tempos*, on that tolerably familiar air, "*O dolce concerto*;" all by Herz, of course. Master Roese is a pupil of our amiable friend and artist, Mr. M. M. Warner. His performance evidenced talent on the part of his preceptor. And it is not always permitted one to say that the accompaniments were played with discretion; so, since my conscience coincides upon this occasion, a good word must be said for Mr. Behrens, who is an artist, inasmuch as he is a good accompanist.

MERCUTIO.

[All very well for Master Rice, but is this all the music that Philadelphia has to tell of?—ED.]

Special Notices.

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 A pleasing song on a good subject.
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 I speak not. I trace not. H. von Benzon. 55
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